

The Legendary Man Chapter 1251 -

Chapter 1251 Found It

Jonathan grabbed Stellario by the collar and cursed furiously, "Like h*ll I do!"

Around him, several black bugs had already begun to flap their wings, flying in his direction.

Jonathan felt a piercing pain in his shoulder, followed by a wave of overwhelming dizziness.

"Run!"

Life force, being the primal aura of Pryncyp, had a powerful inhibiting effect on all types of toxins.

As the life force within him circulated, Jonathan regained clarity.

He slashed his sword beside Merilyn, instantly bisecting two black bugs.

Stellario and Merilyn didn't have Seboxia's support. Even with Jonathan right beside them, judging by Seboxia's temperament, he would never expend his life force to save the two since Stellario and Merilyn were useless to him.

Only inevitable death awaited Stellario and Merilyn if they got hurt.

Watching the rapidly growing swarm of bugs, Merilyn and Stellario reacted entirely differently.

Merilyn chose to flee while Stellario hesitated for a moment before scattering a packet of medicinal powder. Then, he ran through the pungent powder and charged toward the swarm of bugs.

"Stellario, are you out of your mind?" Jonathan shouted at Stellario.

"You guys go first. I must lay my hands on the queen of the black bugs!"

Stellario moved with breakneck speed at that instant, reaching the middle of the swarm in just a few moments.

Initially, Jonathan wanted to persuade Stellario, but at the thought of the Mallory family members' obsession with bugs, he could only turn around and leave.

"Are we leaving just like this?" Marilyn asked Jonathan with slight reluctance.

Jonathan stepped on a large stone, and with a leap, he had traveled tens of meters away.

"He chose that path, so whether he lives or dies, he has to bear it himself." Jonathan turned to look at the distant swarm of bugs as he spoke before looking up at the light signal that had reappeared atop them.

"Don't worry. Stellario was the one who captured the queen bug from Mount Boisvista, and the Mallory family has been researching bugs for generations, so he won't die. What we should worry about now is not Stellario but how we are going to survive." Jonathan didn't utter those words for the sole purpose of comforting Marilyn. Instead, that was the actual circumstances they were facing.

While dealing with the silver proboscis monkeys earlier, Jonathan couldn't withstand the backlash of the bronze handbell and had to withdraw the protection, causing the formation to target their auras again.

Those native cultivators who wanted to become a Yannopolis envoy would definitely flock over again in no time after noticing the trio's light signals.

Stellario was now considered the safest among the three of them.

After all, no one would dare to approach the swarm of bugs.

Jonathan frowned as he gazed ahead.

According to the position where those light signals fell before, he should have met Hayden by now.

Even if he had miscalculated the distance, Jonathan believed Hayden would certainly stir a commotion to reveal his whereabouts.

After all, that was the only way he could have the highest chance of survival.

However, there wasn't any news from Hayden's side, and that could only mean he was being hunted down or had already died since there were just too many indigenous cultivators in the arena.

Some of the native cultivators wanted to kill Jonathan and his party to secure the nine spots, while there were those who tried to avoid the crowd by opting to hunt down the remaining six targets.

Jonathan couldn't be more familiar with Hayden's strength.

The man was a God Realm cultivator secretly trained by an affiliated family to break away from the respectable families who relied too heavily on enhancement using herbs.

He ascended rapidly in his cultivation level, but his foundation was unstable. When matched up against other well-known cultivators, Hayden could only be considered one of the weakest.

If Hayden encountered a native cultivator, he would have, at most, even odds to win the fight.

However, if he had to face two or more opponents or even be so unlucky as to run into one of the nine-man squads pursuing Jonathan and his party, Hayden was sure to die.

At the moment, Hayden was the only person who might know any news about Joshua. If Hayden died, Jonathan feared he might lose his mind.

"Over here!" someone yelled.

Several figures sprang out from the dense forest in front of Jonathan and Merylyn.

"There are five of them!" Jonathan hurled his Divine Chessboard, casting it like a throwing knife.

"Don't resist, we can—" Before the native cultivator could finish his sentence, he saw Jonathan perform a hand seal and heard the latter shout, "Enlarge!"

In the blink of an eye, the palm-sized Divine Chessboard transformed into a massive object more than twenty meters in size.

The five people were sent flying by the chessboard, wailing as they fell to the ground.

“Don’t linger. Let’s go!”

Jonathan and Merilyn stepped on the chessboard and rushed forward, completely ignoring the party of five behind them.

As he put away the chessboard, Jonathan shifted his gaze onto Ascension Peak in the middle of the arena. Hayden might really have died since we still haven’t found him at this point. If my whereabouts are exposed, and God Realm cultivators surround us, I won’t make it out alive, regardless of how capable I am.

At that moment, Jonathan was seriously considering whether he should change his direction, heading for Ascension Peak and striving to survive at the top of the peak.

However, just then, an ear-piercing noise rang out in front of Jonathan.

An orange signal flare rose into the sky, trailing a white plume of smoke on its way up and drawing everyone’s attention.

“It’s a signal flare!” Jonathan was overjoyed to see something made in the modern world in the sky.

The eight foreign cultivators were placed in different positions across the arena, except for Jonathan and Stellario, who were positioned together. Jonathan was unsure whether that scruffy cultivator had done it on purpose, but they were distributed with quite an even distance between them, and Hayden was the only person coming from that direction.

Right after confirming all eight foreign participants’ initial positions, Jonathan and his party had been dashing toward Hayden with all their might.

Apart from being delayed by the silver proboscis monkeys just now, they had never stopped moving.

Based on the distance and the traveling speed of cultivators, unless there were others like Jonathan and his party who were also trying to locate Hayden from the start, there shouldn’t be any other foreign cultivators there.

“That person is right ahead!” Jonathan called out in excitement.

Subsequently, no longer reserving his strength, Jonathan sprinted forward at breakneck speed, turning his figure into a blur.

Stellario had since plunged into the swarm of bugs, so Marilyn had no other way out. As a result, she could only follow Jonathan.

As soon as the two traversed the ridge in front, two long spears shot out from behind the ridge, aiming straight for the duo’s throats.

“Dodge!”

Jonathan booted Marilyn aside in midair, helping her evade the spear, but he himself was propelled to the side by the recoil.

Blood splattered everywhere as Jonathan felt a warm sensation spreading at his neck.

He examined his condition with his spiritual sense and realized the spear had penetrated his neck.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1252 -

Chapter 1252 Million Malevolent Aura

Even a cultivator was constrained by their human physiology.

After Jonathan’s major artery on his neck was pierced, he blacked out almost immediately.

As he lost a massive amount of blood, the energy within his body was also sapped away.

Lowering his head, Jonathan staggered to the ground. Before he could react, a spear had already stabbed into his circulatory system.

Whoosh!

Following the sonic boom, another spear flew straight toward the one lodged in Jonathan’s body, exploding it into pieces.

Jonathan was impacted by the scattered spiritual energy. As a result, his body flew backward before he crashed into the ground.

“You shouldn’t have been ambushed like this.” Seboxia’s voice rang inside Jonathan’s head.

When Seboxia injected life force into Jonathan’s body, light returned to the latter’s vision.

Jonathan felt reinvigorated as his neck wound rapidly recovered and his blood flowed into his brain again. Swiftly, he leaped to the side.

Squatting on a ridge, he scowled.

He glanced downward at the black spear that saved his life before shifting his attention to Merilyn, who was pinned to the ground. In an instant, he understood what had happened. “I need to save Merilyn, Seboxia.”

Even if Merilyn hadn’t used her spear to destroy the one embedded in Jonathan, the latter likely would’ve survived.

However, Merilyn still saved him.

Thus, he owed her.

Even though he had been treating her as a burden, he believed he must return the favor.

“Let’s go,” said Jonathan. Even though Merilyn’s not dead yet while pinned to the ground, her circulatory system has been injured. Her death will only be a matter of time unless I save her.

The five-man group that Jonathan sent flying earlier had caught back up to him.

Jonathan had already noticed Hayden was fighting an uphill battle at the bottom of the slope and the figures rushing toward the mountaintop.

The enemies Hayden encountered was a team of nine.

A dozen people blitzed toward the peak of the mountain and surrounded Jonathan with their weapons.

The cultivator who almost slayed Jonathan earlier scampered toward a middle-aged man and whispered, "Mr. Newmont, this guy's pretty weird. Even though I pierced his neck, he recovered in a matter of seconds."

The middle-aged man known as Newmont narrowed his eyes at Jonathan's neck. "To think you also possess medicine to bring back the dead. I'm surprised. If you hand the medicine over to me, I promise you'll receive a swift death. What do you think?"

Jonathan straightened his body and started moving his shoulders. "Like h*ll I will!"

"I'm bringing the one at the bottom and the one lying on the ground over there away. Hand them to me, and I'll spare you. If one of them dies, I'll turn you into mincemeat." With a sneer, he removed Heaven Sword from his storage ring.

His fury had reached its peak when he saw Marilyn on the verge of death and Hayden being surrounded. Ever since the day I started my journey as a cultivator, I've been fighting nonstop. I faced Divine Realm cultivators in West Region and was pursued by Sanctuary in Remdik in the past. Yet, even when I'm escaping from them, I've never been forced into this wretched situation. Ever since I entered this small world, my powers have been restricted, and I can't utilize any Pryncyps. Additionally, the local cultivators here are so terrifying that they make me want to escape on reflex every time. This feeling bloody sucks. There are so many times when I almost forgot what it's like to have a proper battle. I was even saved by a local whom I thought was a burden, and now I'm being threatened by so many people. This burning wrath of mine has reawakened my battle spirit. My title as Asura isn't just for decoration!

Threads of cold malevolent aura emerged from around Jonathan's body.

That aura wasn't spiritual energy or Pryncyp. Therefore, it didn't have to abide by the small world's rule.

It was an accumulation of the resentment of his victims right before they died by his hand over the years.

Suddenly, it was as though the temperature of the mountaintop dropped by dozens of degrees. The crowd experienced goosebumps when the malevolent aura passed through them.

“This aura...” Newmont stared at Jonathan, stunned. What is this frigid malevolent aura? Is this outsider a demon? How many living beings did he need to kill for his aura to reach this level?

Even though there were one hundred and eight villages in the small world, their combined population was only around three million people.

The most violent rampage in the small world was committed by an Outer City envoy when he murdered a village of around twenty thousand residents. That was already considered a staggering number of death.

After Jonathan started leading Asura’s Office to maintain peace in Chanaea, it took him three years of killing to intimidate everyone.

As such, more than a million people had died in his hand.

Many who perished didn’t know who exactly killed them. However, they knew that Asura’s Office was helmed by a single person, Asura.

Thus, the hatred of a million dead people silently bound itself to Jonathan.

It was likely that Jonathan’s malevolent aura was unparalleled in the world.

His malevolent aura fanned out at lightning speed, causing the nearby flora to wither. It was an incredibly evil power and the antithesis of all life.

Just as the crowd was about to retreat because they couldn’t figure out who Jonathan was, an immense life force appeared. It thrust itself into Jonathan’s meridians.

“Be mindful of your action. Don’t let the malevolent aura devour you.” As if Seboxia’s voice was laced with magic, it snapped Jonathan out of his anger.

The moment Jonathan returned to his senses, Newmont exclaimed, “Don’t be intimidated by his act! Kill him!”

Upon receiving Newmont’s order, the natives beside him darted toward Jonathan with blades.

As arrogant as Jonathan was, he was only a God Realm cultivator.

At that moment, all his adversaries were of the same cultivation level as him. Therefore, it would be a piece of cake for them to kill him.

Jonathan didn't have time to think as he faced multiple threats. Reflexively, he hopped to the side.

Without delay, he swung his Heaven Sword and blocked the blades directed at him.

He leaped, used Heaven Sword to lop off the head of one of the combatants, and fled without hesitation.

Ever since the sage in Marilyn's village recognized Heaven Sword as Devil Slaying Sword, Jonathan had been refraining from using it.

It was because he didn't want to attract troubles.

At that moment, though, he was encircled. Thus, he couldn't care less about that.

The crowd was shocked as they watched blood spurting from the dead man's neck.

Obviously, cultivators wouldn't admit they were weaker than their peers of the same cultivation level. However, they all saw Jonathan killing one of their own with a slash.

Jonathan took the lead thanks to his weapon.